

ODES  
AND  
ELOGIES  
UPON  
Divine & Moral  
SUBJECTS.

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OLD



ESSAYS

*Gift of  
J. Pierpont Morgan*

UPON

THE

SUBJECTS

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# ODES.

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## *The Priest.*

### I.

**W**Hence is't my *Muse*, that thou appear'st so fair?

Exalted both in Garb and Air?

Not only Verdant are thy Bayes,

But round thy Head they dart unwonted Rayes.

Muse] *Did not great Wor'ster, learn'd Ely late*

*Their matchless Works to thee communicate?*

*Make them frequent thy unfrequented Gate?*

*And that my Laurel Springs, dost thou admire?*

Enough, my Muse! th'ast Reason to aspire.

Strain to a higher Key thy Strings,

And Sing henceforth of Sacred Things;

Odes and Elogies essay divine,  
The *Priest* to these thou'lt rightly joyn,  
The *Priest* too let thy Layes adorn,  
The *Priest* so much the Ages Scorn.

## II.

God with his Voice, did once his Laws proclaim  
In Thunders, Earthquakes, and in Fire,  
Left if Mens Hearts he only did inspire,  
And they no Outward Object saw,  
They shou'd deny him Author of his Law,  
And take him for an empty Name :  
But the Conviction was so full of Dread,  
While Men beheld that God did live, themselves were  
[ well-nigh dead.  
Their sinful Nature they confest too weak,  
To bear his Presence, or to hear him speak.

### III.

His Mercy, for this Cause, made choice  
Of Men, to be unto the World his Voice.  
Not that all Men should claim this Grace,  
No, not the Blemish'd, even of *Aaron's* Race,  
Less



Less the prophane and vile by Trade.

'Tis true, that he did call

*Elisba* from the Plow, and *Amos* from the Oxes Stall,

And Fishermen Apostles made.

But then his Call advanc'd their State ;

As Men from Earth, Wise men from Idiots did create.

These to the World at first did Preach,

God inspir'd what they did teach.

Says he, *Solicitous be not what to say,*

*It shall be given you in that day.*

#### IV.

**B**Ut when our Lord to Heav'n had shew'd the Way,

And none but the Perverse cou'd stray,

Of such Almighty Aid there was no need,

It was enough the Rule to weigh, as well as read ;

Together with a pious Heart,

Study to use, and humane Art.

Industry to undergo,

And learned Languages to know.

The which the Spirit does befriend,

Tho' it o'er-bears not Men unto the End.

## V.

IN these Phanatick and Atheistick Days,  
 Heav'n enough we ne'er can praise,  
 When Borchers, Coblers, from the Stall,  
 Their Itch to Preach do term a Call;  
 And those a God deny, believe no *Priest* at all;  
 That yet the *Holy Order* we enjoy,  
 • Debased by no late Alloy;  
 • Learn'd, Apostolick, and pure,  
 That fiery Trials can endure,  
 And Truth 'gainst Hell it self secure.

## VI.

MY *Muse*, thy Lyre is faint and weak,  
 One *Stillingsfleet* alone to speak;  
 • His Rev'rend Aspect, Gracious Life to draw,  
 Answ'ring both Gospel and Levitic Law;  
 Who Singly dares all Hereticks engage,  
 Their Strength, their Rudeness, and their Rage,  
 Hower fam'd in ours, or any former Age.  
 When ancient Errors they disguise,  
 Or New devise,  
 He does detect them with his piercing Eyes.

The Reason shew, they so much vaunt,  
Is miserable Sophistry and Cant ;

Their Doublings, Sculkings can descry,  
Dodging 'tween Gibb'rish and Philosophy,  
Their Sceptic and Elaborate, Shifts expound;  
Be the grave Nonsense never so profound.  
If to Antiquity, or Tongues, they fly,

They find that there,  
He's Conversant, and they but Strangers are.

## VII.

**T**He solid Truth, when heretofore,  
Such Triflers cou'd not shake,  
The *Good Man* they, their Sport did make:  
With Flourishes of Wit insulted o're.

*Hobbs*, tho' subtil in Dispute,  
His Talent was to baffle, not confute.

And when he made a lucky Jest,  
His Follow'rs thought he had the Best.  
But here, together with the Truth, they see,  
Language and Wit, tho' both neglected be ;

So strong, so beautiful, and high,  
 What they their Business make, is far below his Bye ;  
 That here their Petulance so ill they place,  
 They throw but Dirt upon a lovely Face,  
 Which them does brutish shew, but it no way dif-  
 [ grace.

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Psal. lxxvii. 7.

*Will the Lord cast off for ever? Will  
 he be favourable no more?*

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Written before the Peace.

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I.

**W**Hen Men thro' high Presumption disobey,  
 Not by mistake, but knowing, go astray  
 What wonder is it, if they Danger meet,  
 As Cattle led not by their Head, but Feet,  
 And like to them, become a Prey?  
 What wonder is it, when they cry;  
 And when Afflictions them oppress,  
 That God is Deaf to their Distress,

And

And does all Help to them deny?  
 They cry not from their Sense of Sin,  
 But from the Durance they are in;  
 Deliverance if they cou'd obtain,  
 And in beloved Sins remain,  
 Midst Threats of Hell, their present Ease, they'd hold  
 For present Ease is all their Care,  
 This their Devotion warms, 'tis this enflames their

[ a Gain.

[ Pray'r.

## II.

**I**N these our Days,

Loud are the Complaints we here,

" 'Tis now no less than the Ninth Year,

" That Wars amaze:

" Th' Accounts brought to us from abroad,

" However Various, Evils all record;

" Allies are false, and separate Leagues renew, [true;

" France only and the Port between themselves are

" Plantations late are lost, our Merchants tan'e,

" Thousands by Famine, Sieges, Earthquakes slain:

" Forts are betray'd,

" Towns storm'd, ras'd, plunder'd, or in Ashes lay'd:

"Even at this Distance, Bombs we seem to hear,  
 "And Seas, tho interpos'd, secure us not from fear :  
 "And in these Mis'ryshaving long been tos't,  
 "'Tis say'd, Our hop'd for Peace, at last, is crost.

Ungrateful Men confess,  
 Our Evils, than our Sins, are less;  
 And Providence adore,  
 Upon this very Score,  
 However they are near,  
 We do not see and feel them, tho we hear;  
 That in Gazetts they only have a Place,  
 Of Slaughters when we read,  
 None in our Streets do bleed,  
 And Bombs and Cannon flash not in our Face.

### III.

**T**Heir Suff'rings those compute, but not their Sin;  
 Long it would be, before these Men confess,  
 That more than twice Nine Years th'ave lived in  
 Prophaness, Whoredom, and in Drunkenness;  
 That Means they never us'd, Lust to subdue,  
 Ne'er car'd to pay to God or Man their Due;

Or



Or thought the Nations Happiness the less,  
 When most Enormous Crimes did it oppress ;  
 But if the Foe, at any time prevail'd,  
 To murmur and complain they never fail'd.  
 If Vengeance, with our Sins, kep't equal Pace,  
 Deplorable, in truth, wou'd be our Case :

For yet no Age did ever see,  
 Vices improv'd to such Degree :  
 He that was lately Lew'd, essays  
 To justify his wicked Ways

By Blasphemy :

Our *Libertines* are *Unitarians* grown,  
 Themselves to be *Socinians*, *Deists*, own.

I doubt to call, what's ugly, Paints,  
 Yet these Pretences are but Feints,  
 For *Atheism* is the real End,  
 To which these *Vizor-Names* do tend.

#### IV.

THE Foe of God and Man does now despise,  
 By fly Delusions, to subvert a few,  
 Here and there to gain a Prize,

To



To Tempt, he holds below his Fame,  
 It answers not his Mighty Aim, [subdue.  
 Which is, Religion, Truth, and all that's Holy, to  
 God's Throne, in Heav'n, he did attack in vain,  
 But that, on Earth, he doubts not to obtain :  
 And with these Hopes his Grandees does excite  
     To Piqueroon no more,  
     As mean and poor,  
 But 'gainst the strongest Forts of Faith to fight.  
 • Adult'ry, Murder are the common Facts,  
     A Vulgar Sinner daily acts;  
 Exploits of greater Moment and Effect,  
     He from his Heroes does expect,  
 Not only, by their Lives, that they deny,  
 But by their Words and Pens, a Deity;  
     That they invalid and disgrace  
 The *sacred Writ*, that holds with Men so high a Place,  
 That makes Distinction between Good and Bad,  
     Fools terms Wise; and Wisemen Mad :  
 'Tis this, Religious Mormoes, does sustain,  
     And Hells Endeavours renders vain :

For what Men idly teach,

*All that is seen, a God does preach.*

As Air and Earth, were other Sermons mute,

Them we'd dispise, and not confute ;

Ne'er feare, tho' Tellescopes discry,

A spot i'th' Sun, or unknown Star i'th' Sky,

That God they'll ever shew unto a Mortal Eye.

## V.

**I**N vain we hope for Peace,

While against Heaven we war,

Blessings expect, when Sins encrease,

And what we beg, our selves debar.

We use the *Psalms*'s Words in vain,

In this our State provoke, when we complain.

“Will the Lord's Anger always burn?

“His Favour will it ne'er return?

“His Mercy has he quite forgot?

“And will he never,

“From out his Book Transgressions blot,

“But cast us off for ever?

God

God at no time is slow to hear,  
 To Contrite Souls to lend an Ear,  
 Their Supplications does not slight,  
 Or in their Miseries delight.

From him all Cruelty's removed far,  
 And Men alone Obdurate are;  
 We think, that Months and Years, we wait  
 His Pleasure to redress our State,  
 Deplore his long protracted stay,  
 When, in truth, 'tis We delay,  
 And God it is, that does attend,

Till we reform our Lives, and impious Ways amend;  
 If this were done, no more wou'd need,  
 Blessings from Heav'n wou'd come with winged  
 [Speed.

Pfal. xc. 10.

*The days of our Age are Threescore years  
and Ten.*

## I.

**W**Hen *David* old *Barzillai* did invite,  
To share with him the Glorys and Delight,

The Pomp and Affluence that did await,

His new recover'd Throne and State ;

Says he, Thy Servant fourscore Years has pass't,

And can I longer what's Delicious taste ?

The Voice of Singing Men or Women hear ?

It more becomes my present Care,

To cast an Eye upon my Grave, and End,

Than to Pleasures now pretend,

More for a Tomb, than for a Court prepare.

## II.

**T**He Old as little Relish find

In youthful Pleasure,

As dying Men do at the News of Treasure ;

Or those that hoodwink't are or Blind

In

In what is Fair;  
 To them the Object is, as 'twere not there.  
 When on the Beautiful the Aged look,  
     Straightway without Delight,  
     They drop their Sight,  
     And by its Charms are no way strook.  
 When loud, at Triumphs, are the Peoples Voice,  
 With Feasting, Bells, and Bonfires, all rejoyce,  
     Calmly they their Sense exprefs,  
     Bless the God, that does them bless,  
 All beside this, to them is Irksomness.  
     And 'twere not much, if such were all  
     The Evils which old Age befall,  
     Sharp Pains do also them attack,  
 Their Board afflictive makes their Bed a Rack.

### III.

**Y**ET as a Blessing, Men old Age do prize,  
 And justly; tho' infirm, 'tis also wise:  
 It is not captivated with the sight,  
     Of evr'y Toy; but judges right:  
     What others dote on, can despise:

When

When it contests with Aches or the Stone,  
Under Infirmities, or Years does grone,

It is but like the Pain,

A Prisoner does sustain,

When they his Gyves unlock,

The Bolts, to free him, rudely from him knock;

A Glorious Jubile he sees is near,

[ fear.

And Death is welcom, 'cause, he after it does nothing

But if that Men grow old in Sin,

Sad indeed 's the State they are in,

Beside the Burden under which they lye,

There's always standing in their Eye,

The Horrors of a sad Eternity.

*Boaz and Ruth.*

## I.

**W**Hen *Boaz* 'mong his Reapers came,  
 And lovely *Ruth* did gleanng see,  
 She seem'd an Angel in his Eyes,  
 Clad in a mean and mortal Guise:  
 Astonish'd in no low degree,  
 He ask't the Damzels Name,  
 And being told,  
 With Joy he her no less, than Wonder did behold:  
 For tho, by Face, she was unknown,  
 Her near Alliance he did own,  
 And long before she came,  
 Lowd was the Trumpet of her Fame:  
 These things he gladly understood,  
 Tho Love alone supply'd both Fame and Blood:  
 He gave the Reapers charge,  
 To let her range the Field at large,  
 And no way her reproach,  
 Tho on the bound-up Sheavs she did encroach,

But



But rather, purposely let fall  
Handfuls of Ears : For in his Heart, he wish't her All.

## II.

**H**Is Speech he next did to her self address,

After the most obliging wise,  
A Virtuous Passion cou'd devise,  
And Love and Bounty both express.

*Damsel*, say'd he, glean not elsewhere,  
You shall be always welcome here;  
Strict Command on all I've lay'd,  
That high regard to you be pay'd,  
And when you are with Heat oppress'd,  
Where to refresh and be at rest,

These Maids will show.

Surpriz'd she was, and bowed low,  
(For Boaz, 'mong the Great Ones, had a Name)

The sense of such unlook't for Grace,  
Flush't in her sweet and modest Face,  
And, 'bove her Words, declar'd her highest Aim,  
Was but his humble Handmaid to be known,  
If yet so proud a Title she might own.

C

When

When Evening came, she gladly bore  
 To *Naomi* her gather'd store ;  
 A homely Load, you'll say, for One so Faire,  
 And who deserv'd much more to weare  
 A Robe of Ermins and a Crown :  
 But Royal Ensigns, tho of high Renown,  
 May not with Filial Piety compare.

## III.

**H**Earing the Progress *Ruth* had made,  
*Naomi* worship't ; And then said,  
 Our gloomy Days begin to clear,  
 Our Sorrows draw unto an end,  
 We have no longer Cause to fear,  
 Altho the Good is small,  
 Which doth to us befall, [ more intend.  
 Compared with the Glorious Work, which God does  
 By a Prophetick Ray,  
 I see, I see, the Blessed Day,  
*Moab* and *Ammon* will no more,  
*Baal*, *Moloch*, *Ashteroth* adore,  
 But *Israel's* God obey ;

*Abra'm*

*Abra'm* will *Lot* a Second time redeem-----  
 Here to adore, she then again did seem,  
 And *Daughter* say'd, observe what I appoint,  
 In *Jordan* bath, and cleanse away the Soyl,  
 Contracted by your late incessant Toyl ;  
     With precious Oyl your self Anoint,  
     Adorn you in your best Attire,  
     That Nature may with Grace conspire,  
 Till we do all, we can our selves Effect ;  
 Divine Assistance vainly we expect.  
*Boaz* will shortly hold his Harvest Feast,  
 Where you will be a bright and shining Guest,  
     Keep still your natural modest Mien,  
 Most meek, when Beauty's most Imperious seen :  
     This your Excellence will show,                      [ know.  
 When that which All admire, your self you do not

## IV.

UPon the solemn Feasting Day,  
     First, *Boaz*, did the Temple's Dutys pay,  
 And then, to all that Genial was, gave way.

The Threshing-floor did loudly ring, [sing.  
While on Cymbals some did play, to Timbrels others

The good of all the Land was there,

What ever fruitful *Canaan* bears ;

With gen'rous Wine the Cups went round,

The loaded Tables did abound

With Fatlings of the Earth and Air :

And there not only Plenty was, but Wit,

Or something that did pass for it,

The Room did reel with harmless Rural Mirth,

While some applauded, others gave it birth.

Thus the Guests themselves did please,

But *Boaz* Soul aloft did soar,

A Divine Rapture him did seize,

And to Celestial Regions bore,

Where he did behold,

In sacred Leaves enrol'd,

His Offspring shou'd a Scepter sway,

All *Judah*, his and *Ruth's* Posterity obey.

And in dark Clouds tho more involv'd,

Yet Greater things,

This Wonder of all Wonders Heav'n resolv'd,

From them shou'd come the Lord of Lords, and King  
[of Kings

## V.

**T**He Fleeting of his Soul to hide,  
 Frolick he bid his Guests abide.  
 With Thanks, they told him he might spare,  
 To have of them a further Care,  
 After so long enjoying such voluptuous Fare.  
 The Day was spent,  
 And with a joint Consent,  
 To leave the Board, all signs did give,  
 Thither they came to Feast, but not to Live ;  
 Tho all delicious were, and nought did cloy.  
 Men in long time grow weary even of Joy.  
 Boaz was glad to see his Guests well pleas'd,  
 And of his Care not sorry to be eas'd,  
 That what imported more, he might pursue,  
 Consider'd yet if ought from him was due,  
 Then from his Princely overflowing store,  
 Large Gifts he sent unto the absent Poor,  
 That <sup>as</sup> ~~which~~ Religion did begin, the Meal,  
 He careful was, with Charity and holy Hymns to seal

## VI.

**T**O *Ruth* he did declare that Night,  
 His love and high esteem,  
 And his Faith to her did plight,  
 In case her nearer Kinsman wav'd his Right,  
 Her and her Heritage he wou'd redeem.  
 Which falling out to his desire,  
 His heart suppress'd a scorching Fire,  
 Till he his Purpose did relate,  
 Before the Judges sitting in the Gate.  
 Which heard: with One united Voice,  
 They all approv'd, and blest his Choice:  
 For unto them 'twas not unknown,  
 That she despis'd the Gods of Wood and Stone;  
 Her Parents, Country, all did leave,  
 To th' God of *Israel*, tho with wants to cleave.  
 It added also much unto her Fame,  
 Lovers both Young and Rich she did disclaim,  
 And chose with *Boaz* to engage,  
 An Elder as in Honour, now also one in Age.

They

They pray'd like *Leah*, she might fruitful prove,  
Powerful, as *Rachel*, to excite his Love.

Before the Year its Course had run,  
All Vows were hear'd,  
And joyful *Naomi* in her Bosom rear'd,  
A darling, and much pray'd for Son.

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## On *David* and *Goliath*.

### I.

**M**Arshall'd and drawn-up in array,  
The Host of *Israel* and *Philistia* stood,  
An ample Plain between them lay,  
Design'd the present Stage of Blood.  
From the Uncircumcis'd a Champion came,  
The Earth a Prouder never bore,  
A Squire and Terror usher'd him before,  
*Goliath* was his Name.

We do not read,  
He was renown'd for any Warlike deed,  
Nor was there need.



His vast Dimensions did suffice,  
Without the help of Enterprize.

To rigester his Fame.

His Stature did surpass,

The size of human Race,

His monstrous Limbs were clad in Brass,

Dreadful his Aspect, insolent his Pace.

Between the Camps he stood, and thus did cry,

All that bear Arms in *Israel* I defy,

Among your Troops, he that's of greatest Might,

I Challenge to contest with me in single Fight.

And let the Vanquish'd side serve and obey

His, whose Victorious Arms shall win the Day.

But from his Face all fled for fear, [drew near.  
His Presence without Stroke, beat up the Quarters he

## II.

WHILE forty Days he thus did signalize,

His haughty and presumptuous Pride,

The Host and God of *Israel* both despise;

The Boaster more to baffle and deride,

Divine Wisdom did refuse,

A Champion from the Camp to chuse,

But to disgrace, as well as to destroy,

From out the Sheep-folds sent a blushing Boy.

Who did the Semblance of a Virgin bear,

So fresh his looks, so white his Limbs, so flowing was

Thin the Youth was also clad, [ his Hair.

Sword nor Armor had,

Nor trained was in Military Art,

A Lamb without, but Giant in his Heart.

When the o'rewearing Foe did on him look,

To be so scorn'd, he cou'd not brook,

With Rage being ready even to burst,

His Sword he drew not, but his Tongue and curst.

Then 'gainst his Youth and Weapons thus he raves,

Am I a Dog, thou com'st to me with Staves?

Or do'st thou hope that I,

Who dare even Gods defy,

Will thee vouchsafe the Name of Enemy?

To be a Prey th' art fitter for a Kite,

Than with a Man of War, like me to fight.

## III.

TO his Contempt thus *David* did reply. |

On thy huge Bulk thou do'st rely,

Thy massy Spear and Coat of Mail,

Which nothing yet shall thee avail,

But thy vain Confidence only show,

And more inglorious make thy Overthrow :

Unarm'd to thee I come, but in his Might,

Who Sword nor Shield does use in fight,

Thy Headless Carcass I will throw, [does ow.

To dogs and wolves, to pay the Debt, thy Blasphemy

*Goliath* urg'd thus high, to combat rose,

*David* as prompt, before they came to Close,

His Shepherds Tackling 'gainst him bent,

There was no doubt of good Event, [sent,

Not only from the Sling, but Heaven, the Stone was

Which in his Brain took up its fatal Bed,

The Giant low'd his lofty Head,

And fell, as if assam'd of his Disgrace,

Prone and grovling on his Face.

His pond'rous Corps did loud resound,  
 As if a Tow'r of Brass had rush't unto the Ground.  
*Israel* rais'd a chearful shout,  
 Their Champions death their Foes did rout,  
 Who fell by thousands all the Way,  
 'Twixt *Ekron*, *Gath* and *Shaaron* lay.

## IV.

**R**eturned from the Chace of Blood,  
 Before the King and Captains *David* stood,  
 Holding the Head, they did so lately fear, [ pear.  
 Which made his beaut'ous Youth more excellent ap-  
 And all pronounc'd him worthy, with one Voyce,  
 Not only of *Saul's* Promise, but his Choyce.  
 For where a Son, so Glorious cou'd he find ?  
 Or if not seen, have fancy'd in his Mind ?  
 And there was none did *Saul* so far engage,  
 To hold his Word, as *Jonathan*, first Hero of his Age.  
 And Princess *Michal*, by a secret Flame,  
 Approv'd the Justice of the Victors Claim.

Even at this early Day,  
 His Air did future Majesty display,  
 To which these things did only plain the Way.  
 But e'er he lay'd his Sheephook down,  
 Assum'd a Scepter and a Crown,  
 Greater Prowesse he must show,  
 More *Goliaths* overthrow,  
 Envy, Malice, Jealousy,  
 Slanders, Snares and Treachery,  
 Temptations must with those combine,  
 And thro them all a mighty Grace must shine.  
 Thus God conducts the noble to their End,  
*Dauids* high Virtue made him *Dauids* Friend.

*Dauids*

*Dauids* Lamentation, on the Death  
of *Saul* and *Jonathan*.

I.

Grief and Amazement in my Breast contend,  
To th' highest Part, both in this *Threne* pretend  
Both say, To me pertains the fatal Story,  
*Israel* has lost her Beauty and her Glory;  
Her high Renown, in Arms disgrace't,  
Her Old stupendious Victorys deface't.  
Her King and mighty Men are overthrown,  
Offended God, his People and his Host refus'd to own.  
Horror invades me, when I say,  
The Strong have cast their Shields away,  
Their Bodys ly upon the Ground,  
Among the Vulgar slain are found, [Crown'd.  
As *Saul*, with holy Oyl, had ne'er anointed been, and  
The Blood of Foes his Sword did always stain,  
And *Jonathans*, from Fight, did ne'er return in vain.  
As swift as Eagles, and as Lions strong,  
Where'er they March, Victory went along.

How

*How are the Mighty in the Battle slain !  
Who shall thy Glory Israel now sustain ?*

## II.

**T**He Daughters of *Philistia* will rejoyce,  
In Dances, and with Instruments and Voyce,  
*Israels* Dishonour make their Theme,  
*Dagon* extol, the God of Heaven blaspheme,  
*Gilboa*, the Scene of all our Woe,  
May Corn nor Grasse e'er on thee grow,  
Such Blessings may'st thou never know.

An Off'ring to God's House to pay,  
A Lamb or Sheaf upon his Altar lay.

The Conflict was not in the Plain,  
In thy High Places Trust was put in vain :

*Israel* never felt so heavy a Rod,

But when she lost the *Ark*, the Symbol of her God.

*Saul* and *Jonathan* in their Lives,  
Lovely and pleasant were in all Mens Eyes ;  
Their Death the Land has wounded deep,  
Daughters of *Sion* mourn and weep,



In Gold and Scarlet *Saul* did you array,  
His Reign, your Lives made constant Holy-day.

*How are the Mighty in the Battel slain!*

*Who shall thy Glory, Israel, now sustain?*

### III.

AH! my brother *Jonathan*,  
Generous Prince, and more than Man,  
A nobler Soul was never Guest,  
Than thine, in any Mortals Breast:  
To me thou yet resigne'st a Throne,  
No less by Virtue, than by Birth, thy Own.  
The Love for which I unto thee do owe,  
Was wonderful, surpast what softest Women know.

Great for thee is my Distress,  
Thy Loss, my Soul, does like to Death oppress.

Utter my Harp some lofty Strain,  
That his Memory may retain,  
But Harp and Hand invoked are in vain.

The

The powerful Notes did disenthral,  
 From the Evil Spirit rescue *Saul*,  
 Faint, and want<sup>t</sup> Help themselves when they relate  
*How are the Mighty in the Battel slain!* [thy Fall  
*Who shall thy Glory, Israel, now sustain?*

*All Sin is Folly.*

I.

**O**F this no other Proof there needs,  
 Then the Confusion which Men find,  
 In their recoiling Mind,  
 After their Wicked Deeds:  
 For the Sin's no sooner o're,  
 But they immediately deplore, [possest before  
 The loss of Wisdom, Virtue, Innocence, which they  
 The Veil is fallen from the Face  
 Of the bewitching Sin,  
 And they disclose, involv'd within,  
 A Hag, and not a *Helen*, in the place;  
 That which they loath and disapprove,  
 A Cure, and not a Cause of Love.

## II.

**N**Or was it God's least Favour to Mankind,  
 That first their Guilt themselves shou'd find,  
 Their Conscience them upbraid,  
 Chastise and make afraid,  
 Before the Law their Crimes cou'd reach,  
 A sober disabused Mind shou'd them impeach.  
 'Twas not the Parable o'th' Poor-mans Lamb,  
 Did *Dauids* Soulat first awake,  
 These words [*I've sinn'd*] within his Heart he spake,  
 Before that *Nathan* came.  
 Nor was't the Cock's repeated Crow,  
 Made *Peter* his Transgression know.  
 It star'd in's Face, and stood before his Eye,  
 While yet he curs'd, and did his Lord deny;  
 The Horror and Compunction felt within,  
 Forestal'd the *outward Herald* of his Sin,

## III.

**T**HO Sin's a Folly, it does not yet denote,  
 Things of a small and light Import,  
 But such as are of greatest Weight, [ State.  
 Folly, in what concerns our mortal and immortal  
 'Tis a Defect, but 'tis no Jest ;  
 Not what Men laugh at, but detest.  
 The Flames of Hell are said, to yield no Light,  
 So Sin, tho foolish, causes no Delight.  
 Absurd and harmless things, our Mirth do make,  
 They're Fools themselves, pleasure in Mischief take.  
 Who o're a Precipice, can a blind Man see  
 To step, and laugh at the Calamity,  
 Be tickl'd at the Sight of such an Evil,  
 Must have the Spleen and Malice of a Devil.

## IV.

**I**N a wicked Man's Condition,  
 There is not only Error, but Perdition,  
 Mistake, but Death, in all Transgression.

For God he makes his Foe, who was his Friend,  
The Bow he for him bent, against him bend.

Those then that by his Goodness are not won,  
It will concern his Vengeance yet to shun,

Th' Apostle makes this smart Demand,

To those his Anger dare withstand,

*Are Men, than he, of greater Power?*

There's none, that think so, in their Wits,

But in Sins raging and over-bearing Fits,

As if they were, they slight him in that Hour.

*Eternal Burning who can bear?*

None possibly :

And yet in Sin when Men engaged are,

Whether they can or no, they do not care.

## V.

Folly in Sin does ne'er so high abound,

As when among the Saints 'tis found,

They Sin against a mighty'r Grace,

Boldly transgress,

As they confess,

Before God's Face.

Astronomers wonder in no mean Degree,  
 Dark spots i'th' Body of the Sun to see,  
 I'th' Source and Font of Light to find,  
 Night and Day together joyn'd.  
 The World's yet seiz'd with more amaze,  
 And does, as at a Portent gaze,  
 When crimes, the Righteous stain and spot,  
 Their Lives, like common Persons blot;  
 When such bright Luminarys cease to shine,  
 Sully'd, to darkness in their Orbs incline,  
 Frailty confess, who were suppos'd Divine.

## VI.

**W**hen from what's just the Impious range,  
 There falls out nothing that is strange;  
 But when a *David* does from Grace depart,  
 Adult'ry and Murder perpetrate,  
 A Man that's after God's own Heart,  
 The Truth of Faith the *Holy* fear,  
 In'ts Firmament no greater Prodigie can appear.  
 The *Salt* that shou'd preserve, the World does taint;  
 Those Sin encourage, who shou'd lay restraint;



Religion does it self receive a Wound,  
 Atheists blaspheme upon this Ground.  
 The Sin of ev'ry Saint,  
 Adams Offence does lively paint ;  
 For ev'ry Saint's renew'd again  
 Unto God's Image he was created in,  
 And if he stood in Adams place,  
 He wou'd the stamp again deface,  
 A second Time destroy all human Race.

---

### Quakers.

#### I.

**T**Ho *Israels* Sins were numberless and great,  
 Long time God seem'd not to chastise, but threat;  
 Ten Murmurings he passed-by,  
 When in the Desert they did ly,  
 Their Whoredoms and Idolatry ;  
 His whole *Displeasure* wou'd not show, [too.  
 Endur'd the *Golden Calf*, and those of *Dan* and *Bethel*  
 And in Rebellion when more mad,  
 Apostacy to Idols they did add,



Into his Temple *Baalim* brought,  
 The *Heathens* worst Abominations wrought,  
 His Patience thus tho highly urg'd,  
 He did not them destroy, but scourg'd ;  
 Deliver'd them into the Hand,  
 Of those enslav'd them in a foreign Land,  
 But with a Purpose to recal again,  
 And that *his People* still they shou'd remain.

They found his Oath, to *Abram* true,  
 As they their Sins, his Mercy unto them he did renew,

## II.

**B**Ut when most spar'd, they most did disobey ;  
 The Saints of God, the Son of God did slay ;  
 Not only Blood of Prophets spill,  
 But the *Messiah*, their Redeemer, kill ;  
 This Act, for Pardon, left no place,  
 Mercy it self, in Him, they did destroy, and Grace  
 And wrought not only Deportation,  
 Some Weeks of Years of Desolation,  
 But the intire *Rejection* of their Nation.  
 His Wrath, so long restrain'd, God on them lay'd,  
 This last Offence for all the former pay'd.

Into

Into the Place of *Abra'ms* carnal Seed,  
 He made his spiritual Offspring to succeed.  
 These only, *for his People*, now did know: [bestow  
 And all the formers Titles, Priviledges, did on these  
 And when *St. Paul* does to the Churches write  
 To all Believers he does give the Name  
 Of Saints, it being now their Right,  
*Jews*, to this Title, having forfeited their Claim.

## III.

BUt this high Honour's little in the Eyes,  
 Of our *thrice holy Sectaries*,  
 Thus to be herded, they disdain,  
 To march-i'th' common *Christian* Train,  
 Those the Apostles holy call, they count Prophane,  
 Affect a more Supreme degree,  
 Saints above the Saints to be.  
 And more excellent Precepts do they give?  
 Than others do they better live?  
 Divine Credentials can they show,  
 They more than former Ages know?  
 Sad Experience answers, No.  
 What are then their great Attainments?  
 Rude Behaviour, uncouth Garments.

New coyn'd Words, distorted Looks,  
 Ignorance, and contempt of Books,  
 To all Government, Perverseness,  
 To Conviction, an Aversness.  
 To speak the Truth, the Faith they do desert,  
 Religion, all that's sacred, to a Farce convert.

## IV.

When *James* and *John*, to our Lord their Mother  
 [ brought,  
 To sit at's right and left Hand him besought,  
 They might the Honour in his Kingdom have,  
 Says he, You know not what it is you crave----

Sowe may say to those 'mong us aspire,  
 To th'Name of Saints, you know not what it is that  
 Can you sustain the Burden you take up? [you desire.  
 Support the Honour, which you so usurp?  
 The stile of Saint is not a flaunting Name,  
 To give a Sect Repute and Fame,  
 A Term, a Badge; but does denote a State,  
 Dutys requires of an Heroick Rate.

The Saints Gods Champions are,  
 'Gainst Hell and Sin they War:

Temptati-

Temptations, Hardships undergo,  
All Dangers, Torments, Death it self break thro'.

And as their Calling's higher  
So from them greater Wisdom all require ;

And if at any time they fall,

None their Lapse, does Frailty call:

But in their Eyes it does avail,

As when Natures self does fail,

And, as a Monster's look't upon by All:

V.

**I**F St. Paul's Advice be therefore good,

Least he fall, let him beware,

Who lately stood :

Much more it will become their Care,

To keep their Footing, who Exalted are.

For if a Fall on level Ground,

A Bone may break, or Limb may Wound,

He that walks upon a Tow'r,

Had need be circumspect that Hour,

If Heedless here he be and rash,

To pieces his whole Body he may dash.

Those Angels from their Station fell,

Stopt not, till they came to Hell.

And

And so,

[ lower go.

An Hypocrite Saint will sink, until he can no  
The Title therefore wave, and be the Thing;  
An empty Name to Heaven none e'er did bring.  
That which on *Aarons* Miter was inscrib'd,  
*Holiness to the Lord*, let none thro' Pride,  
In Capital Letters on his Forehead write,  
But labour to be Holy in his sight.

While to be *Christ's*, you all declare,  
You do confess, that you no *Christians* are.

The Sin o'th' *Jews* and yours comes all to One,  
They took away *Christ's* life, and you allow him none.

## VI.

**H**eriticks in the Days of Old,  
T'oppose some single Truths were bold:

But *Quakers* dare,

'Gainst *Universal Faith* declare.

All Christian Doctrines, Worship, Churches, brand,  
Whose sacred Rites, Professors, Structures stand,  
Besmeer'd, with Ordure, by their impious Hand.

Nor *Holy Scriptures* do they less blaspheme,  
Advancing 'bove them, what themselves do dream.

Sub-

Subjection to all *Magistrates*, disown,  
 Usurp both Pow'r of *Parliament* and *Throne*,  
 A Sect, by *Leather Breeches*, first begun,  
 Rude and Seditious, silly and course-spun ;  
 In which, for th' highest Place, these two do vie,  
 Excess of Folly and Impiety ;  
 Contemn'd by all the Sober, Pious, Wise .  
 But they by their Numbers fright, those who their  
 For th' *Ecclesiastic* and the *Civil State*, [*Can't* despise,  
 Profess'dly are their *Grievance* and their Hate.  
 And cou'd they reach their highest *Aim* and *Vow*,  
 They wou'd destroy, All that they disallow.

---

## The Muses.

### I.

*PHæbus*, his daily Course being run,  
 His Rayes of fire  
 Quench't in the Sea, or else lay'd by,  
*Apollo* now, and not the Sun,  
 The Prince and President of the *Muses* Quire,  
 As on *Parnassus* he did ly,  
Say'd,



Say'd, you to whom I did bequeath,  
 My *Daphnes* ever verdant Wreath,  
 Refresh me with your charming Lays,  
 Our Votaries record, those who adore the Bays.  
*Thalia* promptest of the Nine,  
 Whose Harp was ever tun'd, as ever strung,  
 At his Command thus Sung,  
 In lofty Numbers and Divine.  
 All mortal and immortal Pow'rs,  
 All that are great in Heaven and Earth are Ours,  
 The God's themselves do higher prize  
 A Hymn, than Sacrifice;

To be extoll'd, for doing Good, [Blood,  
 Than have their Altars flow with Sheeps and Oxens P  
 T

## II.

**T**He mighty Hero, when h' as fought,  
 And Conquest, his high Wishes glut,  
 All Opposition, under him has brought,  
 On Necks of Kings has set his Foot.  
 Whose noble Deeds shine forth so bright,  
 His very Person is a sight ;



And never moves without the Ax and Rods  
 To shew that Life and Death  
 Depend upon his Breath,  
 And that his Pow'r approaches to the Gods.  
 This Pomp and Glory he does lightly prize,  
 His Tribute and Dominion yet much more despise,  
 With all the Vulgars gaze,  
 And simple Praise,  
 An Ode of *Pindars* far esteemeth more,  
 [ all the Peoples Rore.  
 Than Crouds and Crowns, than Trophies Triumphs  
 The great *Peleian* Prince, *Achilles* Tomb  
 Beholding, wep't: and his a happier Doom  
 Pronounc'd, in being sung in *Homer's* Verse,  
 Than to be stil'd himself, *Lord of the Universe.*

### III.

**B**eauty, which does such mighty Monarchs sway,  
 Makes them to stoop, whom all beside obey;  
 At whose proud Feet do prostrate ly,  
 Riches, Youth, Nobility,  
 Who causes her own Fair Sex for Envy dy.  
 This her Empire holds below  
 The Glorys, we the *Muses* do bestow,

Fam'd

Fam'd *Helen* thought it less,  
To reign a Queen, than to be enthron'd in Verse.

And *Julia* did their Court despise,  
Who her Person did admire,

Because *Augustus* was her fire.

What was so great in their's, was little in her Eyes,  
Chose *Ovids* celebrated Love to be,  
Before her high Imperial Dignity.

The Learned and the Wise

Seek Fame, tho under Truths disguise.

Thy self, great *Pæan*, the admired Eye  
Of Heav'n, when brightest thou dost shine,  
Th' art but a Planet in the Skye,  
At *Helicon* a God, and Pow'r Divine.

A Chorus here of all the Nine

Joyn'd in the Close,

[ arose.

And *Phæbus*, to restore the Day, to mortal Men

*The Sullen Shepherd.*

## I.

**P**Retending Muse ! What dost thou here ?

Nought more Ungrateful can appear ;

Thy Laurel I disclaim and Lyre,

Thy Verse and Musick less admire ;

I'd rather see a shaggy Coat,

Than this thy gorgeous Dress, and Varie'gated Coat,

Th' adored Idol of our Plains,

Th' Ambition of our most accomplish'd Swains,

Fair *Aleria*, for a while,

By thy Arts I did beguil.

She did pronounce, that I wou'd prove most true,

Who knew so well, Beauty and Worth to give their

On this Success I bore me high, [ due.

But while on *thee* I did rely,

Behold ! where foil'd and scorn'd upon the Ground

[ I ly. }

## II.

**T**His is *Pans* high and solemn Day,  
 In which I Sung, and on the Pipe did play,  
 Thro' Natures secrets *Thou* my Song did'st steer,  
 And the Celestial Orbs that guid the Year.  
 In wond'rous Strains I made our Shepherds know,  
 Whence fruitful and unfruitful Seasons flow,  
 Philosopher, Bard, Astronomer, I my self did show  
 Our rev'rend Priest, *Damon*, the learned fire,  
 My soaring Numbers did so much admire,  
 Upon my Brow he plac'd his sacred Wreath,  
 Saying, *My Son, This I to thee bequeath,*  
*My Crook, my Pipe, my Priest-hood, all I leave.*  
 As to an Oracle, the Congress all did bow,  
 With joynt Consent, his Legacy allow.

## III.

**Y**oung *Thyrsis* next to Sing arose,  
 For Theme the flow'ry Meadows chose,  
 Soft Fancys did his Subject grace,  
 But more the Beautys in his Face

The Rose and Lilly there  
 Than those i'th' Field were held more fair,  
 These chiefly did support his Cause,

When Art did fail, acquir'd him high Applause.

The Nymphs o'rewhelm'd him with their Show'rs  
 Of Garlands, and of fragrant Flow'rs ;

*Aleria* too, however slow

*Me* to adorn, did forward show,

By others willing to be led,

To plant a Rosie Chaplet on *his* Head.

Is this *Thy* promis't vast Renown ?

Is this a Poets never with'ring Crown ?

The Flow'r of Youth survives more Days ;

A Flow'r it self, than *Thy* immortal Bayes.

#### IV.

**T**O's Raving thus the *Muse* reply'd.

Art thou *Strephon* so Blear ey'd !

Which holdest thou the nobler Prize,

Th' Applause of Girles, or Judgment of the Wife ?

If Ideots know not Good from Bad,

Must all that's Exc'lent, be accounted Mad ?

E

Because

Because *Aleria* answers not thy Flame,  
Are *Phæbus* and the *Muses* sacred Choire to blame?

This said,

Displeas'd she fled,

And tho convinc't of Folly in his Mind,

One Word, *the Sullen*, cou'd not find,

T'implore her stay.

Obscurer now became his Day,

But while he in Confusion lay,

To his amazement and surprize,

He saw *Aleria* stand with weeping Eyes:

And yet in Tears shewing Celestial Grace,

Strange! so near Heaven, sorrow shou'd find a  
[ Place.

## V.

*STrephon*, said she, your Faith I come to prove,  
*Faultless Aleria*, all that knew, did love:

But when so many su'd my Grace to find,

To thee, Fam'd Shepherd, I was only kind.

This is the Hour,

'Tis put within thy Power,

To return my Generous Deed.

Favour I then bestow'd ; but Favour now I need ;

Which tho I say, ( for my late acted Part )

I read my Crime in thy enrag'd Eyes, not in my Heart.

After that *Damon* had advanc'd thy Fame

To so Divine a Pitch, me who cou'd blame,

If I to add my trifling Flow'rs, was then with-held by

If thou some savage Beast should'st see, [ shame?

Lion or Tiger seize on me,

With hazard of thy Life, thou'dst set me free.

No Cruelty of Lions, Tigers, equals that of Jealousie.

## VI.

**H**ER Words his Heart, her Presence charm'd his  
Yet still Morose and Foe to's own Delight ;

As beneath the Oak he lay,

He only this vouchsaf'd to say ;

I am resolv'd, not to out-live this Day,

You are the Murderer, tho I my self do slay.

At hearing which, she fell into a Swoond,

And like a Star, tho Dead, she shon upon the Ground



Horror did now his Soul invade,  
 Of's hateful Mood he grew himself afraid,  
 He saw the Tendance of his black Disease,  
 And trembling, fet the Nymph to chear, and God's  
 No longer dally'd and delay'd, [t'appease.  
 But all that Dury, Pity, Reason did command, obey'd.

The

The Words of our Lord *Luke 23. 17.*

[ *Daughters of Jerusalem weep not for me, but weep for your selves---* ]

Apply'd to the Superstitious Penitents of the Church of *Rome*:

**T**Hy misplac'd Tears, blind Penitent forbare,  
 With Sighs to raise a Tempest in the Air ;  
 Cease the sad Suffrings of our Lord to mourn,  
 That's Head with Thorns, his Flesh with whips was  
 To hug his Cross desist, to kiss his Wounds, [ *torn* ;  
 Placing in these Contrition's utmost Bounds.

Let faithless *Jews* lament this Tragic story,  
 Authors of's Death, and Exiles from his Glory ;  
 These were they did the *Holy One* destroy,  
 To their Eternal Woe, but *Christians* Joy ;  
 Tho' they can never expiate their Guilt,  
 The World was saved by the Blood they spilt.

'Tis true, that all Apostates *Christ* do slay,  
 All murder him, who not his Laws obey ;  
 But weep not then, Our Lord sustain'd such Pain,  
 But weep for thee, he suffer'd all in vain ;  
 Weep, when for Sin he under Torments dy'd,  
 No Sin by thee was ever mortify'd ;  
 Weep not the Soldiers mock't, and him disguis'd,  
 But him thy self has ridicul'd despis'd ;  
 Weep, 'cause the good his Death for others wrought,  
 Greater Damnation upon thee has brought.

Th' immortal Soul is such a precious Thing,  
 That to redeem, it *Christ* from Heav'n did bring ;  
 The lapsed Souls of Men, I say, to save,  
 He chang'd his Glory for a Cross and Grave.  
 And now they 're Ransom'd at so vast a Rate,  
 They far excel their Primitive Estate ;  
 He then that now does for this Jewel trade,  
 The World tho gain'd, has an ill Bargain made ;  
 Not only what's immortal does despise,  
 But Heav'n's dear Purchase also lightly prize ;  
 Parts with his Soul Redeem'd, and Saviour too,  
 When Mercy's self no more for him can do.

Here

Here is no place to act a Pageant Part  
 Of Grief, *Christ's* Sufferings to set-off with Art,  
 Rejoyce in these, bewail thy wicked Heart.

*Isaiah* 53. v. 2.

*—He hath no form nor comeliness in him,  
 and when we shall see him, there is  
 no beauty that we shou'd desire him.*

**T**Hus th' Evangelic Prophet long fore-told,  
 The carnal Synagogue would *Christ* behold,  
 When without Worldly Pomp he did appear,  
 A King without a Court, a Sword or Spear ;  
 His Person and Pretences they'd disdain,  
 Measuring him by his despicable Train.  
 It was enough, cou'd they object no worse,  
*A mean Condition is it self a Curse,*  
 The Spirit, ( as their Wise-men taught ) deny'd,  
 On any, but the Noble to abide.  
 Cou'd they believe, that he cou'd Heav'n bestow,  
 Who not a Foot of Earth, of's own cou'd show ?

That he their Nation cou'd exalt and save,  
 Whose miserable State relief did crave;  
 A Prophet say he were in Word and Deed,  
 They all were Prophets, and they none did need;  
 T' expiate their Sins; their Priests well knew,  
 Their Business was, the Nations to subdue;  
 And tho' he spoke, as no Man ever spoke,  
 Words wou'd not free them from the *Roman* Yoke.  
 An *Abject*, daring *Israel's* Throne t' engross,  
 Deserv'd to be Exalted on the Cross.

With these the Impious, in all Ages joyn,  
 And with the *Sanhedrim*, 'gainst *Christ* combine;  
 See nought that's Great in him, nought to admire,  
 Nought that is lovely, or they can desire;  
 To Riches, say, he's a profess'd Foe,  
 Indeed to all, the World does Pleasant know;  
 So little aims Men's Happiness to improve,  
 He interdicts them what they most do love;  
 Joys visible and present bids forsake,  
 Invisible and absent to partake.  
 But Land on Earth they will exchange as soon,  
 For Lordships and Possessions in the Moon.

The

The Cloud conducted *Israel* in their Way,  
 Cast Night on *Pharaoh's* Host, on their's a Day.  
*Messiah* thus Inglorious in the fight  
 Of sensual Men, Illust'rious is and bright  
 In's Churches Eyes, 'bove all she can express,  
 For all created Excellence is less ;  
 His Majesty does ravish and amaze,  
 She can not speak it, tho' adore and praise.  
 What Words can shew Immenfness in a Span ?  
 The son of God veil'd in the son of Man ?  
 His Deity, in his Works, to her was clear ;  
 In's Life, the Heav'n he promis't, did appear ;  
 Upon the Cross as great in her Account,  
 As when he was Transfigur'd on the Mount ;  
 Dominion, Wealth, for him, she does despise,  
 The Crowns of Kings are Refuse in her Eyes.

L

**L**O here ! a Glorious Vision did appear,  
 Tumultuous Clouds, amazing bright,  
 Oft broke with intermingl'd Light,  
 Reveal'd a Choire of Angels near.

Their



Their airy Harps with Sunbeams strung,  
*Messiah* great in Heaven, despis'd on Earth they sung.  
 Brisk Zepthers held the Trebles place,  
 Soft roling Thunders made the Base.

## II.

**T**He substance of their Hymn did say,  
 Th' Almighty can no-wise display  
 His Pow'r, but Mortals disobey ;  
 When he reveal'd himself in Wonders,  
 In Fire, in Earthquakes, and in Thunders,  
 When Rocks, at his Approach did melt,  
 A Trump did louder, than loud Thunders found,  
 His Voice, both Trump and Thunders drown'd  
 And things Inanimate the fragor felt,  
 Such Majesty they cou'd not brook,  
 No, not towards mount *Sinai* look,  
 His Prefence bear,  
 His Voice too dreadful was for sinful Men to hear.

## III.

**A**Nd when again in lowly Guise,  
 He 'mong them, as a Prophet did arise,  
 And Miracles of Mercy wrought,  
 Because no Bloody fields he fought,

Nor



Nor captive Kings in fetters led,  
 No Prospect their Ambition saw  
 Of Empire, but a holy and a hateful Law,  
 They him did more despise, than dread.  
 Tho, at his Word, the Blind did see,  
 And cleansed was the Leprosy,  
 The Dead did rise, the Lame did walk,  
 The Dumb and Deaf both hear and talk,  
 The Seas and Winds rebuk't, gave way,  
 They durst Blaspheme and Disobey.

## IV.

**D**isdain'd *Messiah* on the Score,  
 They ought him chiefly to adore ;  
 The Son of God deny'd to be,  
 Because he hung upon a Tree ;  
 Altho, when after he was slayn,  
 His Pow'r more Mighty did remain :  
 All Kingdoms to his Scepter bow,  
 Their Wisemen, 'bove their own, his Wisdom did al-  
 low :  
 When not only he set free,  
 Some few from *Satans* Tyranny,  
 But

But the whole World by him oppress'd,  
The World a Demoniac grown, he dispossest.

The Shechinah was glorious here,  
Miracle and Prodigy did both appear,  
Gainst all they saw, they stuck not to declare,  
On th' other side their Lusts and Vices were.

## V.

**A** Fiat did the World create,  
But fallen Man to re-estate,  
Did both Grace and Pow'r require,  
To save him 'gainst his own Desire,  
To save him, and God's justice save,  
Did the whole System of his Wisdom crave,  
And tho much Goodness did with it abound,  
All was too little found,  
To make a Sinner bliss enjoy,  
And the free Agent not destroy,  
Gratis the lofty Regions he'd possess,  
Like Stars, but not on Terms of Holiness.  
Six days gave Heav'n, and all its Host their Birth,  
Th' obdurate Rocks, and stubborn Earth;  
But tho six thousand Years are near run-out,  
Men to Obedience are not brought about.

On the first six Verses of the 63 Chapter of  
*Isaiab.*

*Proph.*

**W**Hat mighty Warrior's this, that comes the way  
Of *Edom*, all stain'd with Blood from *Bozrah* ?  
Whose stately March, and Martial garbe proclaim  
A Hero of immortal Rank and Name ?

*Christ.*] I, who in Righteousness destroy and save,  
Give some a Kingdom, and to some a Grave.

*Proph.*] Why art thou soyl'd with Gore, thy Gar-  
[ ments red.  
Like unto those who in the Wine-press tread ?

*Christ.*] Well thou allud'st : the Wine-press I alone  
Have trod, when to assist me there was none.  
A General I am without an Host,  
My Fellow-Soldier none himself can boast.  
Singly *the God o'th' World* I did engage,  
Singly sustain his, and his party's Rage.  
The Blood thou see'st, which thus my Raiment dies,  
Conquest's proclaim, mysterious Victory's:  
For never Captain did by Sword and Spear,  
As I by Wounds, so high a Trophy rear,

When

When cover'd-ore with these, I forc't my Way  
 Thro' the Foes guarded Quarters, did display  
 My Banner, till I broke his whole Aray.

First, I his Temples and his Poms defac't,  
 Silenc'd his Oracles, his Priests disgrac't,  
 All Monuments of his Deity eras'd ;  
 To *Demons* Men now sacrifice no more,  
 But Execrate, what late they did adore.

Aloft, I next, my sacred Standard bear  
 Amid't his Principality, the Air,  
 His Legions made my Chains, like Meteors, wear.

Thence to th' Infernal Regions did descend,  
 To the Amazement of the Lordly Fiend ;  
 And tho' worse Evils, than he does partake,  
 He cou'd not fear, I made his *Greatness* quake.

Broke-up his fenced Prison of the Grave  
 The Iron bars and gates a sunder clave ;  
 Captives brought thence, and made the Tyrant see,  
 Altho' the rest still slept, they all were free.

The proud Usurper thus I did unthrone,  
 Forc't him his Lord, unwilling, yet to own.

The

The Ransom'd World now *Alelujahs* sing,  
 Blessed, and Blessing, of their Heavenly King  
 From Hell and *Satans* Bondage all are free,  
 But those who choose his Vassals still to be.

---

### *The Christian Slave.*

**I**T was the Hour, that Slaves allowed were, [pair  
 'Bove Ground to breath, their wasted Strength re-  
 With mouldy Bread, foul Water, sted of Wine,  
 An aged worthy issu'd from the Mine,  
 Grisly and Horrid, with six *Christians* more,  
 They sigh'd, but without sighs the Hero bore  
 His massy Chain: Heav'n for their Fare did bless,  
 With larger Thanks and Grace, than those express, }  
 Whose Tables loaded are with all Excess. }  
 My Brethren said, fall-to with chearful Heart,  
 More then ten Years I've acted here my Part,  
 Whether my Food did nourish, or did kill,  
 Was not my Care, but to perform the Will

Of our Great Lord : We come not here, y' are sure.  
 For Health or Good, but Torments to endure  
 For sacred Truth ; such Courage then let's show,  
 May make Idolaters the Difference know  
 Between a God, and senseless Stone. In vain  
 I have not spent my Days, and fruitless Pain.  
 But have confirm'd the Weak, the Faithful brought  
 To suffer Death, by my Endurance taught ;  
 Fire and Wild-beasts withstand, and to condemn  
 Their Persecutors, far worse Beast's than them ;  
 To choose to eat like Dogs upon the Ground,  
 A Fare scarce better, than the Tables found,  
 Than in the Demons stately Temples feast,  
 Devils adore, and be the Devils Guest.

The Bloody Guard, who all did over-hear,  
 Bid him the Food, before him, to forbear,  
 For him they had provided other Cheer. }  
 Then with a hundred Stripes their Rage did reek,  
 Scarce left him Strength to breath, and less to speak.

He smiling said, Let not my Suffrings shake  
 Your Courage Brethren, but more Constant make ;

They



They fail to reach in me their aim'd Effect,  
 They have destroy'd, but cannot me deject.

Then turning to the Guard, Poor Men, sai'd he,  
 While to Afflict you hop'd, y've set me Free,  
 A Period put to all my Misery :  
 Whilst you did grudg your scant unwholsome Meat,  
 I'm call'd to a Celestial and Eternal Treat-----  
 His Pow'rs here sunk, not He ; rather than Die,  
 He seem'd to triumph over Cruelty.

### *On the general Peace.*

#### I.

**I**gnoble Peace is often known,  
 Worse, even than War, to make a People Groan :  
 But when Usurping Foes they quel,  
 A strong invading Pow'r repel,  
 Ambitious Neighbours keep in aw,  
 Prescribe, and not receive the Law ;  
 Loud Triumphs, Publi'k Joy, declare,  
 Conduits with Wine, like Blood, do flow,  
 Such thundr'ing Salvos rend the Air,

F

That



That even in Peace Men hardly know,  
 Whether it be true Peace, or no.  
 Such are the Joys from *Reswicks* Peace abound,  
 Blessings alone its Articles compound.

## II.

AS our *Allies* Conditions did obtain,  
 With no less Conflicts then a Town is ta'ne,  
 We in the hot and high Contest,  
 Seem'd unconcern'd among the rest,  
 Bandi'd, with no disputes, our Claim,  
 No Days Transaction it does name  
 We like Assessors, not a Party came.  
 A friendly Conference did our Plea decide,  
 Nought we demanded, was therein deny'd.  
*Portland* and *Boufflers* met unarm'd i'th' Field,  
 Their business was not there to fight, but yield;  
 To make the World a rare Example see,  
 Two Hostile Nations vye Civility.  
 Preliminaries to the Treaty were,  
 Courtly Salutes, and Carriage fair.  
 Complements did its Body frame,  
 Mutual Embraces, and rich Presents end the same.

## III.

**T**He Reform'd Soldier now,  
Discharg'd the Camp, does hold the Plow  
Returns unto a former Trade,

The Ax, the Saw, the Trowel, or the Spade.  
Muses alone assume their laid-by Arms,  
The Marches sound, the Charges, fierce Alarms ;  
Make Bombs and Cannon in their Verses, roar,  
Louder than from the Fort, or from the Shore.  
The Images of War, the Real, drown,  
With grateful Horror strike, tho none they wound.

## IV.

**K**ing *William* too, without annoy,  
The Fruits of's Noble Conduct does enjoy ;  
Sits not on Horse both day and night,  
While Storms of Rain and Hail,  
Beat 'gainst his Cask and Mail,  
A Duty harder, than to fight.  
He now admits of Princely Ease,  
The Pastimes that a Hero please ;

Hunts the Stag and Fallow Deer,  
 While Foes abroad his Prowess fear ;  
 Receives three Nations Homage and Address,  
 All striving highest to express,  
 Their Honour, Duty, Love, and Happiness.  
 And foreign States not backward are.  
 The Blessings to profess, by Him, they share.

## V.

Great Prince! high Glory thou hast won,  
 But count thy Warfare chang'd, not done;  
 Th' hast many Sieges yet to form,  
 Many strong Forts and Towns to storm,  
 Vice, and Irreligion fight,  
 The Foes of Peace to put to flight ;  
 Ambitious Friends, and Mal-Contents,  
~~those gaps for change & new Events~~  
 stubborn Factions, Against all Reason steel'd,  
 Brainless Fanaticks that want Sense to yield ;  
 Flatt'ers of thy prosperous State,  
*William* pretend to love, and yet a King do hate.  
 Worthy *Thy Self* thou'lt find thy Task,  
 Which Virtues does of Peace and War, Prudence  
 [ and Valour, ask.

Epigrams

# EPIGRAMS.

## *On the two Scaligers.*

**B**Ove the most Learn'd exalted is your Name,  
 Conjoyn'd with your insatiate Thirst of Fame ;  
 Which mov'd you, others Worth of't to depress,  
 Jealous, their Glory, made your Glory less.  
 When any did a noble Work produce,  
 To th' Commonwealth of Learnings greatest Use,  
 Y'allow'd it not the Author's, or did blame,  
 Twas mean, or stolen, if not from *You* it came.

If th' Age cry'd up some Exc'lent Person high,  
 For Poetry, Languages, Philosophy----- }  
 Their Parts you slighted, or did else deny ;  
 Tho, when in these a Proof you were to make,  
 You cou'd not shew, you always better spake.

To damn a Work, 'twas a sufficient Cause,  
 To shew your single Vote, ~~out~~-weigh'd all men's Ap-  
 [pause]

Candor, among your Virtues, made no Blaze,  
 If some there were, extorted from you Praise,  
 'Twas rare, and short, or else *your selves* to raise:  
 They had your help, or your Encouragement,  
 All that was in them good by *You* was lent.  
 To steal from others, tho you did disdain,  
 Plagiarys to be of Fame, you held no stain.  
 But from *Erasmus* while you did detract,  
 And such as he, what was it but to act  
 Against the Palm, to which you did aspire?  
 Into Contempt to bring, (O mad Desire!)  
 What in *your selves* you'd have the World admire?  
 Pride thus o'erthrows its own Ambitious Ends,  
 Foe to its self, and to its greatest Friends.

How much more Noble, and of more Renown,  
 Were sincere *Vossius*, excellent *Casaubon*,  
*Grotius*, *Gyraldus*, and yet many more,  
 Your Peers in Science, tho *you* they set before

Themselves : These lov'd and fought the Truth *you*  
 [Praise :  
 Knowledge was *their* Aim, *yours*, your Name to raise.  
 Learning deserves a Crown, as well as Bayes,  
 But scorn, when Arrogance the Scepter sways.

*On Sylvia now in Years.*

**W**onder in Youth, and Miracle in Age,  
 Through all thy Life admir'd in ev'ry Stage!  
 At first all Flow'r, all Spring, all Air, and Spright,  
 All that in charming Virgins move delight.  
 These days pass't-o'er, thy Flow'r to Fruit did turn,  
 And those ador'd thee heretofore, did burn.  
 Years coming on, thy Beauty still did hold,  
 As drain'd from Humane Dregs, but not grown Old.  
 Temp'rance, and Vertue in thy Limbs do shine,  
 Interr'd, they'l make thy Grave a Silver Mine.



*To Paulus.*

**A** Gen'rous deed a Lady having wrought,  
 The thanks, from the Oblig'd, by me was brought;  
 Which she receiv'd with such an Air and Mien  
 The greatness of her Mind therein was seen.  
 She did engage me often her to see,  
 With Words of more than bare Civility ;  
 Her Person might a Courtly Eye delight,  
 And yet her Actions were a Nobler sight.  
 But by a near Converse I did descry,  
 Faults, I don't say, but Incongruity.  
 And holding it Ungrateful to be mute,  
 Madam, say'd I, this and this no way suit  
 With the rare Virtues, which in you excel----  
 What was the Issue, wou'd you have me tell?  
 Praise brought me in, Reproof did me expel.



## On Galla.

**A**S Flushings, Pimples many do molest,  
 Incessant Laughter does thy Face infest,  
 Who never mad'st, nor understood'st a jest.  
 Thou art o'th' Number whom the World despise,  
 For being neither fair, nor rich, nor wise,  
 Yet senseless thou in this deplored Case  
 Wear'st both the Fool, and Gracious in thy Face.

## To Drusus.

**T**'Apollo and the Muses Claud's no Debtor. [better.  
*Drus'. ] You will not think so, when you know him*  
*I can assure you, Much in him you'll find,*  
 It must be doubtless then, when he has Din'd.

## On Nevia.

**T**Hou never cease'st 'fore a Glass to prank,  
 To talk of Beauty, as of the first Rank  
 Thou wert: See'st not, how this does thee disgrace,  
 Brings thy Ill-shape to mind, and yet worse Face,

That

That Ugly thou art, none wou'd regard, or care;  
If thus pretend thou did'st not, to be Fair,

### On Linus.

**N**ought from the World th'ast learn'd, nor yet by [Book,  
Yet none so ill does all Instruction brook.  
Knowledge, thou think'st, is but a proud Pretence,  
Anothers differing from thee in his Sense.  
And if what's better, than thou do'st, wou'd show,  
Thou scrupl'st not to treat him, as a Foe.  
Enjoy thy Way ; I will no more Endeavour,  
As thou desir'st, be thou a Sot for ever.

### To Aphelia.

**W**Hat is the Way, most pow'rfully does tend,  
Love to promote, and happily to End,  
Do'st thou *Aphelia*, fair and young, enquire ?  
Being desirable, express no desire.  
The Beautious need no forwardness to show,  
In being Fair alone, they always Woo.

## On Calis.

T<sup>h</sup>ou say'st, While thou my Counsel did'st be-<sup>[lieve,</sup>  
 Given to *Aphelia*, I did thee deceive :  
 For there-upon, neglecting all to Woo,  
 Th' 'ast found no more Regard, than an Old shoe.  
 To court I bid the *Fair*, not *Thee*, to shun.  
 But thy Mistake no harm to thee has done :  
 For who'd take-up, what's Sluttish in his Way,  
 Tho ne'er so Earnestly it him shou'd pray ?

## To Lovers.

D<sup>e</sup>luded Lovers come and learn of me,  
 I will disclose to you a Myserie ;  
 The Wonders in the Fair you so admire,  
 You find not in them, but your selves inspire ;  
 Your selves create the Idol you adore,  
 A Goddess make, what was a Stock before.  
 Infuse the transport, nectar, and the bliss,  
 Which you believe resides in them you kiss.  
 When on *Asterias* Beautys I did dote,  
 Nothing, I thought, cou'd rightly them denote ;

I summon'd Planets, Odors, Jewels, Flowers,  
 Angels, feign'd *Graces*, and celestial Pow'rs;  
 And all seem'd short: till Time and her Neglect,  
 Open'd my Eyes, and did the Truth detect.  
 Her Charms did then but weak and mean appear,  
 In her Address she seem'd to come too near;  
 Her Eyes I saw were Stars, no more than mine,  
 Nor yet in a more real Heav'n did shine.  
 When her Perfections I did duly scan,  
 The Difference only was, *a Maid and Man*;  
 As she excell'd in brightness of her skin,  
 Her Facultys came short of mine within.  
 All that I valued at so high a Price,  
 Was but a Fools mistaken Paradise.  
 Beauty's a liveless Corps, Love is its Soul,  
*Cupid*, not *Venus*, does the Heart controul.

### To Godly *Edwards*, on his *Gangrena*.

**T**Hy Book a dreadful Catalogue does show,  
 Of num'rous Sects, that did the Land oreflow  
 From *Forty One*, till Truth again did dawn  
 In *Blessed sixty*: all the monst'rous Spawn

Of

- Of *Antinomians*, *Seekers*, *Independents*,
- Wild *Ranters*, *Dippers*, *Atheists* their Attendants:  
When from the Air, the Marshes, and the Floods,  
The desert Plains, the Mountains, and the Woods,
- Accursed Spirits took the Form of Preachers, [ers,  
And stock't the Realm with Fiends instead of Teach-  
Whose impious Wreaks no pow'r on Earth cou'd quell,  
But they blasphem'd as boldly as in Hell.

Under these Sects, good *Edwards* thou did'st groan,  
But did'st not see their Rise was from thine Own;  
Thou did'st not see thou wert the *true Church* Hater,  
Thy self a Rebel, Schismatick and Traitor.  
As Errors, in some Cases, Pardon crave,  
Thy Dulness, and Well-meaning thee may save.

*To the same.*

- W**Hen on *Dissenters* Sins thou dost enlarge,  
And them with Diabolick Lewdness charge,
- Incest, Drunkenness, and Adultery,
  - Prophaneness, Atheism, and Blasphemy ...

Their

Their Hellish Crimes more heinous to express,  
 Gravely and soberly thou dost profess,  
 The *Bishops* and their *Chaplains* Sins were less.  
 When they, in Pow'r, good Christians did enjoyn,  
 Kneeling to take the *Sacred Bread and Wine*,  
 And with the *Cross* baptised Infants sign.  
 O wond'rous piercing and discerning Eye!  
 Cou'd this hid Truth, through such dark Mists descry.  
 Doting and bialt thus thou dost deplore,  
 When prosp'rous Treason all before it bore,  
 And *Rebel Covenanters* had won the Day,  
 • Accursed *Independants* shar'd the Prey.  
 So little Dogs are heard to whine and moan,  
 When Great insult, and snatch away their Bone.

### On Zoilus.

L Ean and Consumptive, and with Jaundice yellow.  
 Thou wert advis'd for Health, to turn Good-fellow  
 On this: thou faithfully didst ply the Pot,  
 And Flesh regain'dst, but art become a Sot.

On



## On Calis and Clora.

**C**alis and Clora both did *Damon* love,  
*Calis* a Vulture seem'd, *Clora* a Dove;  
*Calis* wou'd kind, and angry also, shew,  
 As Love she bore, so Love she held her Due.  
*Clora*, not lighter touch'd by *Cupid's* Bow,  
 That such a Right she had, yet did not know.  
 Love, by a Sigh, she scrupl'd to display,  
 Offended, if a Blush did it betray.  
 Her rak'd-up Fire did *Damon* scorch and charm,  
 Whom *Calis* blazing Flame cou'd never warm.

## On Glaucus.

**G**laucus employ'd his Pen, the Great to praise,  
 But his vile Rithmes got neither Coin nor Bayes.  
 Enrag'd at this, in a Satyric strain,  
 He rail'd at all the World, but rail'd in vain;  
 None were made angry, did his Words regard,  
 Or thought their Credit was at all impair'd.  
 In the most Guilty he produc'd no Blushes,  
 He whipt them not with Brambles, but with Rushes.  
 The



The *Muses* yet he does not quite despise,  
*Tom-Thumb* and Balads in the Streets he cries.

### *On Criticks.*

**P**UFF'd up and proud, why do most Criticks show?  
 Words, which are Wind, they glory most to know.  
 Who Judges are of Reason, Sense, and Wit,  
 On their own Acts, as well as others, sit:  
 But o're a World, tho' but of Words, these reign,  
 They all, beside their Tribe, like Kings, disdain.  
 Useful they are: and so are other Tools  
 In skilful Hands, Toys in the hands of Fools.

### *To Celer.*

**I** Eighty Five, thou in a Vigorous Age,  
 Demandst, Which way I now my Pen engage?  
 How I the rigorous Season entertain?  
 I th' Lyrick, or the Epigrammick Vein?  
 Neither: And tho' at no Design I drive,  
 My Work's not small, to keep my self alive.

**F I N I S.**

